

"My Friend the Prince." PRO-TIBETANS WHO PRATTLED AT WESTMINSTER.

Rash Young German Boards a Royal Carriage and is Well Treated.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Thursday.
The Crown Prince of Germany has been made the hero of many imaginary adventures. The following story has the merit of truth.

The Prince was leaving a Berlin station by a night train, when the door of his carriage was suddenly thrown open and a young man sprang excitedly into the train without saying a word. The Prince's escort sprang forward to protect him, but the intruder was himself the most alarmed of the party when he recognised the occupants of the carriage. He made as though he would leap out of the window to avoid the disgrace attendant on the crime of lèse-majesté.

The Crown Prince, however, intervened, and permitted the rash youth to share the royal compartment till Potsdam was reached. A telegram from Berlin had advised the station authorities there, and they had prepared a suitable reception for the perpetrator of the heinous crime.

But again the Crown Prince graciously used his influence, and the youth was let off with a trifling penalty for having entered a train in motion, plus the excess fare for travelling first class with a third-class ticket.

DISGUISED WIVES AS DETECTIVES.

BERLIN, Thursday.
Success has attended a little scheme mapped out by the wives of erring husbands at Neu-Hohenhausen, a suburb of Berlin.

Two of them determined to find out where their spouses spent the evenings, and in disguise they interviewed the landlady of a restaurant. Finding there was a room at the back of the premises where their husbands and other men played cards, they warned the police, who made a raid on the place.

The subsequent conversation between husbands and wives is not reported.

DEATH OF THREE BISHOPS.

The death of three Bishops is announced almost simultaneously.

The Right Rev. H. Norris Clurton, Lord Bishop of Nassau, was drowned at Ragged Island (one of the smaller of the Bahama group) while attempting to board the mission yacht; the Bishop of Trinidad has died at Liverpool of overwork resulting in nervous collapse; and Reuter announces from Sydney the death of Mgr. Toreggiani, Roman Catholic Bishop of Armidale.

DOCTOR'S BREAKDOWN.

A doctor of medicine, George F. White, aged 29, was yesterday charged on remand at Liverpool with wilfully cutting ladies' dresses with a knife or lancet while outside passengers on trams.

Overwork and illness were pleaded in extenuation, and he was discharged on his friends undertaking there should be no recurrence of such conduct.



DAIRY DISCLOSURES.

That the "discomfort of the cow" has an important bearing on the butter question is one of the points dealt with in the digest of the evidence given before the Departmental Committee of the Board of Agriculture. The cow suffers from a maximum of discomfort, it appears, in Siberia, where the caudal appendage has to work double tides throughout the year—in the summer to repel the attacks of mosquitos, and in the winter to ward off frostbite.

There are varieties of butter beyond the usual three tubs, of varying saltness, decorating the shop fronts of the retailer.

Butter comes to England from every country, including far-away New Zealand and Argentina. It comes in powder, potted, tinned, milk-blended, preserved, and renovated. It is adulterated with starch, cocoanut oil, cottonseed oil, carthamus oil, fish oil, palm oil, sago flour, sesame oil, and various preservatives.

There are process butters, legal butters, and genuine butters. The only interesting information omitted by the report is exactly how and where to obtain the latter.

THE PLAY-PICTORIAL.

No. 19. "THE ORCHID." Part I.

This popular Gaiety Play will be dealt with in TWO MAGNIFICENT NUMBERS.

Part I. published February 1st.

Part II. published June 1st.

All the old favourites in character and groups in the play.

Mr. EDMUND PAYNE.

Miss ETHEL SYDNEY.

Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH.

Miss GERTIE MILLAR.

Miss OLIVE MAY, and others.

Mr. FRED WRIGHT.

Miss CONNIE EDISS.

Mr. LIONEL MACKINDER.

Mr. GRATTAN, Mr. NAINBY.

is just the thing you require to keep you in health during these cold winter months. However careful you may be you can't help catching cold sometimes, but this remedy

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a cold, if taken in time. It is pleasant and perfectly harmless, and gives instant relief in all cases of throat and lung complaints. When you realize this you will laugh at the weather and scorn

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"PURVEYOR OF LIBELS" SUES FOR LIBEL.

Mr. Crosland Loses His Action Against the "St. James's Gazette" and Receives a Judicial Wigging.

ANOTHER MISSING MISS.

Inexplicable Disappearance of a Lady Creates a Sensation in Hertfordshire.

The small Hertfordshire town of Harpenden, situated midway between St. Albans and Luton, is greatly concerned over the disappearance of a young lady of good social position.

Miss Edith Masson has been living at the house of her brother, Mr. E. G. Masson, who is well known in the City in connection with a number of mining enterprises. On Monday afternoon she went for a walk, and took a letter which she had offered to post for the maid.

From the moment that she left the house all trace of her has been lost, and enquiries made everywhere by the police have failed to find a clue.

The only theory the relatives can advance is that while taking a long walk in the district Miss Masson has been overtaken by illness, and that she is now lying in some wayside cottage.

At the time of leaving home she had no money, and this disposes of the notion that she has taken a long journey. It is known that she did not leave Harpenden by train. The idea that Miss Masson has met her death by drowning is discounted by the fact that there are no streams in the neighbourhood, and the few shallow ponds were all covered with ice on Monday.

Miss Masson lived on the best of terms with her relatives, and had no reason for unhappiness.

The description circulated states that the missing lady is thirty-five years of age (though she does not look much more than twenty-five), her height is 5ft. 3in., and she has brown hair, blue eyes, and a fresh complexion. She is wearing mourning—a black hat, skirt, and coat—for her father.

STOP WATCH LOSES CASTE.

The Motorist Triumphs Over His Captors.

Superintendent Wm. Jno. Marks, of the Surrey County Constabulary, possesses a stop-watch in which he has taken much pride. It has done yeoman service in bringing to book motorists who have traversed the Surrey roads.

Alas! the watch no longer retains its prestige. Mr. Harry Liddell, of Lynwood, Addison Crescent, Kensington, a member of the Automobile Club, was summoned before the Kingston-on-Thames Bench at the instance of Superintendent Marks for driving his motor-car at Cobham on Sunday, January 17, at a greater speed than twenty miles an hour. The Motor Union, desiring to show the ineffectiveness of police stop-watches, were specially represented by Mr. Staples Firth.

The superintendent said that he timed the car over a measured distance of a quarter of a mile at the bottom of Tarten Hill on the Portsmouth road. The result of his calculation was that Mr. Liddell covered the distance in 36.25 seconds, or at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour.

The Watch's Antecedents.

Mr. Firth, in cross-examination, asked the superintendent, "As to this stop-watch of yours. Where was it?"—In my hand.

Mr. Firth: Where was your hand?

The Superintendent: In my pocket. (Laughter.)

Mr. Firth (looking at the watch): It is a very cheap watch.

The Superintendent: Well, it is supplied to the police by the ratemakers. (Renewed laughter.)

How do you test it?

I tested it with another watch, which was tested by a watchmaker at Weybridge.

After Mr. Liddell had told the Bench that he had been going faster than thirteen or fourteen miles an hour, and Captain Burleigh Clarke had given corroborative evidence, Mr. H. J. Swindley, the official time-keeper to the Automobile Club, was called. To Mr. Swindley, in the witness-box, the superintendent's watch was handed. "It is worthless—quite worthless for the purpose of timing," he answered, after scrutiny. If a man holding such a watch is a little bit eager, and presses the watch, he could make a motorist do five miles in five seconds. I know this watch well. I have known it as a cyclist for the past twenty years."

The Chairman: That evidence is of great assistance to us. The summons is dismissed.

GRIMSBY BRIBERY CHARGES.

Yesterday the Grimsby Justices committed for trial at the Lincoln Assizes Thomas Melvin, fish merchant; Henry Brown, club steward; and William (Curly) Andrews, tobacconist, on charges of bribery at the recent municipal elections, being granted in each case.

Evidence was given to the effect that they had given shillings to voters, with instructions how to vote.

A charge against Arthur Wilson Simons, one of the three councillors unseated by the election petition, was dismissed, it being proved it was quite an ordinary occurrence for the defendant to stand drinks at the Talbot Inn.

MAN-CATCHING PILLAR-POST.

A well-known lawyer of Vienna has been placed in a ridiculous situation. Posting a letter in a letter-box, he found himself unable to withdraw his hand, his ring having caught in the slot. A large crowd collected, and he had to endure their jokes for an hour until workmen came and set him free by unscrewing the letter-box.

Mr. Crosland's antipathy to Scotland dates

We have often wondered what the mystic initials T. W. H. stood for, and now we know. For yesterday Mr. Thomas William Hodges Crosland, author of "The Unspeakable Scot" and "Lovely Woman," was himself spoken to.

He appeared as plaintiff in an action to recover damages for alleged libel against the Dorset Publishing Company, Limited, the proprietors of the "St. James's Gazette."

The action was in respect of a review of "Lovely Woman," which appeared in the columns of that newspaper on May 21, 1903. The article stated, "There is one passage in Mr. Crosland's book with which we can cordially agree."

The passage referred to said, "When I look upon life in my calmest moments I am prone to wish that all women were widows. If they were, the amount of human suffering on the earth would, to say the least, be sensibly reduced." The book

Mr. Crosland: I refer to her poetry. If you are a judge of verse at all, you will agree with me.

Mr. Gill: For the purposes of this publication you may treat me as a Scotman. Had she ever done you any harm?

Mr. Crosland: She has written some verses; and will you read them as well as the context?

Mr. Gill: She is a lady of some reputation as an authoress?

Mr. Crosland: It depends upon what you call reputation.

Mr. Gill: You mention her father, Sir Henry Fowler, for some reason?

Mr. Crosland: There are such things as a theory of literature.

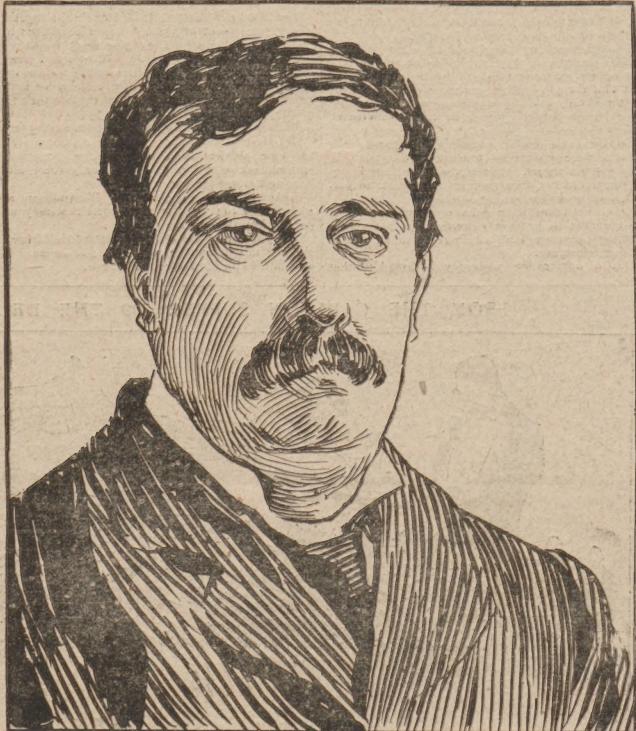
Mr. Gill: You say of him, "I once beheld him in the Calais boat eating buns out of a bag."

Mr. Crosland: That is true.

Mr. Gill: Why state it?

Mr. Crosland: It seemed to be very ridiculous.

MR. T. W. H. CROSLAND.



The author of "The Unspeakable Scot" and "Lovely Woman" brings an action Photo by against a newspaper for speaking about him. (Elliott & Fry.

further stated that "If you say to a widow, 'Wilt thou be mine?' on a moment's acquaintance, she neither fails to call for the police. It is not so with meads." The paper commented: "We are inclined to agree that if only one woman at any rate was a widow, the amount of human suffering on the earth would, to say the least, be sensibly reduced."

Mr. Crosland's counsel contended that the above extract meant that the character, temper, and disposition of his client were calculated to render the life of his wife a burden which would be relieved by his death.

The "St. James's Gazette" contended that the words complained of did not mean what was alleged and contained no defamatory meaning.

Mr. T. W. H. Crosland then spoke for himself, after Mr. Justice Grantham, who had dipped into the book which has caused all this bother, had observed that instead of "Lovely Woman," it should have been called "Unlovely Woman."

The Judge having made this remarkable suggestion, the case was allowed to proceed.

Mr. Crosland began by saying that "perspiring reviewer," although not copyrighted, was his favourite phrase, and that he had a notable contempt for reviewers.

Mr. Gill, the counsel for the "St. James's Gazette," then cross-examined the court by reading extracts from Mr. Crosland's volume, to which the plaintiff author replied, "I do not know what I have to do with all this, I am sure."

"You also refer to Miss Thorneycroft Fowler," continued Mr. Gill, and say, "I wish she had never been born."

If you saw a bishop in the Strand eating sausages you would make remarks about it."

Mr. Gill: You say, "as a criminal, woman ex-cetera."

Mr. Crosland: I should think you knew all about it.

Mr. Gill: You say, "I know a man well who asked to be introduced to his own wife at a country house."

Mr. Crosland: He had not seen the lady for eight months, and she had taken to dyeing her hair with peroxide of hydrogen in between.

After Mr. Gill had observed that Mr. Crosland was himself "a purveyor of libels with catchpenny titles," and that it was "impudence for a man who desired to live on libelling others to come to that court to complain of such a criticism as that contained in the defendants' journal," Mr. Justice Grantham took up the cudgels for the other sex.

The author of "The Unspeakable Scot" was himself spoken to.

Said the Judge: Mr. Crosland's book was a libel of the gravest kind on the women of England, and in so far as it was a book written to be seen in the houses of the country, it was simply disgusting.

When the reviewer said it outraged every relation of life, he said what was true. Books of this kind should be criticised sharply, and the plaintiff himself had written in the work that he liked the "bludgeoning blunt critic." The idea had of the sex was most wicked, and he certainly ought to know that this idea would not be free from criticism.

The jury returned a verdict for the defendants, and judgment was entered accordingly, with costs.

THE AUTHOR OF "LOVELY WOMAN."

Mr. Crosland is the hero of innumerable good stories, some of which he tells himself, others of which are told against him.

He first came into prominence through his connection with the "Outlook." Before this he had published a slight book of verse, "Literary Parables"—perhaps the most brilliant thing he ever did—and an amount of journalistic work that is buried in the files of provincial newspapers.

His career on the "Outlook" was, perhaps, the liveliest known to Fleet-street. It is said that on one occasion he gave notice for "the twelfth and last time."

Mr. Crosland's caustic tongue has made him many enemies, but his keen eye for inflation and the humbug that so often lulls unchecked has gained him a number of friends.

SATIRE IN SHEEP'S HEADS.

The Lighter Side of a Colliery Dispute Which Has Led to a £150,000 Claim.

Some amusing passages occurred in the course of the second day's hearing of the action brought by the Denaby and Cadeby Main Collieries, Limited, against the Yorkshire Miners' Association, for alleged conspiracy and unlawful combination.

The question raised deals with the responsibility of trade unions concerning the financial effects of a strike, the damage claimed in the case amounting approximately to £150,000.

Mr. W. H. Chambers, managing director of the plaintiff company, deposed that in August, 1902, he was in Cadeby, and on several occasions saw crowds of women and lads carrying the heads of sheep upon poles. This was meant as a reference to the men remaining at work, and termed "black sheep."

Mr. Isaacs: Are sheep's heads black?

Mr. Bankes: Were they black with white heads?

—Witness: They had been sooted.

Mr. Chambers then proceeded to tell the story of a fire which broke out in November in both collieries and of a speech by a Mr. Nahum who said he "would see blazes out of the pit before the men should go to work." Later he decided

to the "bag dirt" remedial question, which coming to the "bag dirt" remedial question, which in his opinion, was only an item in the master

under dispute. He said that an action brought by a workman named Howden and now awaiting decision in the House of Lords was an action brought by

Howden's own instance, but the plaintiff company paid the costs of it. (Laughter.) The question of "bag dirt" was not then gone into.

WHAT A RABBI LACKS.

Why the Hebrew Preferred the Court of Bacon.

An interesting sidelight was thrown on the man

of the alleged Jew in a case that came before Whitechapel Coroners' Court yesterday. A little old man named Karmoyte sued a Mr. Cohen for £6 10s. in respect of a debt he

Judge Bacon: Are you willing to let the master judge before your Rabbi, whose Court has greater binding power over your consciences than my Court appears to have?

Judge Bacon: Nein! I want it heard here.

Judge Bacon: Why?

Judge Bacon: Beccuse ze Rabbi, he 'arf no brakers. (Laughter.)

A Solicitor: He means the Rabbi's Court has no bailiffs, your Honour. (Laughter.)

Mrs. Cohen called her little daughter, who created some amusement.

Judge Bacon asked if she could remember a Commandment which indicates telling the truth. "Yes," said the girl; "Thou shall not tell lies."

NO MONOPOLY IN WHITE BANDS.

The attempted corner in White Vienna Bands has failed, and in future the title is open to all

and sundry.

Mr. Justice Kekewich, in the Chancery Division yesterday, refused the suggestion of Her Honour's witnesses that his was the only genuine band of Vienna's to give a sort of Hungarian tone to bands which are presumably quite prepared to wear any colourised tunics and be in any prevailing fashion of nationality.

THE JUDGE'S RAILINGS.

Judge Rentoul, K.C., in the City of London Court, yesterday, told a story of his own personal experience of landlords.

He was once, he said, a tenant of a man who put a clause into the lease that the man (the Judge) would not repaint the railings of his house in three years and again in seven years.

He did not do the painting at the end of three years because the clause was absurd, and the landlord probably knew it. He painted the railings at the end of seven years, and no claim for damage was ever made against him.

"AN UNNATURAL MONSTER."

"You are an unnatural monster," said the master presiding at the tribunal of Uelzen in Zurich, to a man who charged his wife with adultery.

Her story (says our Geneva correspondent) is a very sad one. The husband being fond of the poor woman, some time of the house forming a bed, and buying for her children, and worked hard to support her. When he died, she was left to meet the rent. When he was liberated from prison the first thing he did was to give his wife in charge for theft. The furniture was replaced at the expense of the community.

HARD LABOUR FOR CRUEL PARENTS.

Charles and Jane Humphries, husband and wife, were charged at Sheriffborough, yesterday with the crime of giving their daughter Rose Green, daughter of a friend, to a man named Tom.

The child, it was alleged, had been compelled to sleep in the back yard, sleep on a bed, and the condition of her clothing, when seen by an inspector of the N.S.P.C.C., was filthy.

The male prisoner, who is an uncooperative cycle maker, was sent to gaol for a month, and his wife to six weeks, with hard labour.

A farthing a month was the offer of payment made by a defendant at Westminster Court; an order was made for payment in six weeks.

WHITAKER WRIGHT—VERDICT OF SUICIDE.

He Swallowed a Capsule of Potassium Cyanide During a Brief Retirement, and Washed It Down with Whisky and Water.

Pathetic Scenes at the Inquiry When the Dead Man's Son Identifies the Body of His Unfortunate Father.

The coroner's jury yesterday decided that Mr. Whitaker Wright committed suicide by poison, and they added no statement as to the condition of his mind.

It would have been almost hypocrisy to do so, for the convicted man was certainly not insane in

Lawson Walton's principal junior in the great trial.

After the jury—a typical coroner's jury, yet very different from the smart twelve business men who found the dead man guilty—had slowly filed into the mortuary, and again taken their places, one by one, with the picture of the dead man's face impressed on their imaginations, a sympathetic silence fell on the Court.

Mr. Whitaker Wright's son had taken his place in the witness-box, a tall young man, with a slight dark moustache, in deep mourning, and with a grief-stricken face.

"My name is Whitaker Wright," he said, showing his father's self-control over his voice.

There seemed to be something uncanny about

standing up to be sentenced," asked the Coroner. Mr. Lewis replied that as far as he remembered, Mr. Wright held his hands behind his back.

Mr. Lewis then told the Court that after the sentence he was detained upstairs, and it was some fifteen minutes before he could keep his promise and join Mr. Wright. The latter then had Mr. Eyre, one of his sureties, Mr. Worters, his old accountant, Mr. Smith, the assistant-superintendent of the courts, and a tipstaff with him in the room below. The two latter now went from the room and left Mr. Wright alone with his friends.

Death Scene Described.

Mr. Wright, when they had gone, thanked Mr. Lewis for his conduct of the case and expressed satisfaction at the result. "I have never intentionally done anything wrong at all," he said, and added, "I think I am the most composed of all." The possibility of getting a new trial was also discussed, and Mr. Wright said, "I wish to do exactly as you advise."

While Mr. Wright was talking he was near the table, on which the luncheon things still remained, and he helped himself to some whisky and water. He then moved to the fireplace, and, while standing there, removed his watch and chain.

"I shan't have any use for this in that place. Keep it for me," he said to Mr. Eyre, and handed the watch to that gentleman. Mr. Eyre replied, "I shall keep it until we meet once more."

Mr. Wright now walked across the room to an armchair that was on the other side. As he did so he asked for another cigar, for he had been smoking before.

Mr. Worters, to whom the request was made, took a cigar from Mr. Wright's own case, which was lying open, and handed it to him.

This cigar Mr. Wright took in his hand, and he was in the act of lighting it when he suddenly

to Mrs. Wright, he had replied, "No; there is plenty of time."

After Mr. Lewis had finished his graphic story, Mr. Worters and Mr. Eyre added their accounts of the same incidents. The latter gentleman spoke



Dr. Atkey who was called from King's College Hospital to attend the dying financier.

with much feeling of his dead friend. When he first saw him after the sentence Mr. Wright said, "This is British justice."

The evidence of the tipstaff Dixon surprised the Court—from the revelation that it contained: but

DEATH IN THE CIGAR.



The Coroner examines the cigar which was supposed to have contained deadly poison.

any sense, and it was evident that the act was carefully premeditated as an escape from the sentence of penal servitude. The jury mercifully evaded the verdict of *felocidio*.

It is now clear that Mr. Wright took advantage of a retirement to a lavatory at the Law Courts to put a capsule of poison into his mouth. He retained it there for a few minutes, and on his return to the waiting-room washed it down with a draught of water.

Then he smoked, and his last words were a request for another cigar. His coolness during the agonising moments of mental strain that must have followed the taking of the poison shows what an iron will the man must have possessed.

Dr. Freyberger, the L.C.C. specialist, not only reiterated the already published fact that the death was due to cyanide of potassium, self-administered, but he also told the Coroner's Court the exact moment when, in all human probability, Mr. Wright introduced the poison into his mouth, and also, approximately, the time, a few minutes later, when he swallowed the deadly dose. For Mr. Wright hesitated for some time before he completed the act of suicide which he had begun.

After Dr. Freyberger's convincing evidence and clever deductions, and after a plain direction from the coroner, the jury brought in a verdict that was of the sternest possible nature by its very simplicity: "Suicide by self-administered poison." No addition of an opinion about the state of mind of the dead man mitigated the finding.

'MY NAME IS WHITAKER WRIGHT.'

The inquest took place in the little upper room in Horseferry-road that is known as the Westminster Coroner's Court. There could hardly have been a greater contrast than that presented by this little court when set, as it was in the minds of many present, side by side with the large justice hall in the Law Courts, where, forty-three hours before, Mr. Whitaker Wright stood up to be sentenced.

The Westminster Coroner's Court is a long, narrow room scarcely provided with oaken pews of an ecclesiastical pattern. Its ecclesiastical suggestion is further heightened by a stained-glass window over the coroner's chair.

But beyond these ecclesiastical adornments it has no claim to distinction. It is simply a little, narrow, upper room.

The people who packed every inch of it, too, yesterday, were very different from the brilliant throng that has lately been filling King's Bench Court VIII. There were no eminent K.C.s in the forefront; no distinguished lady visitors in frocks of the latest fashion.

One visitor, however, was noticeable, Sir George Lewis, who did not attend the Law Courts on any day during the trial. Sir George had come to the inquest because his son Mr. G. J. G. Lewis, was one of the principal witnesses.

Besides Sir George and his son the only well-known lawyer present was Mr. Muir, representing Mr. Whitaker Wright's family. Mr. Muir was Mr.

this repetition of that often-repeated name—by a living Whitaker Wright, son of the dead Whitaker Wright.

The son's evidence was purely formal—evidence of identification, and how he had seen his father at their London quarters at Whitehall Court on Sunday last. Everybody was glad that the young man's ordeal was a short one.

Then Mr. George Lewis, the clever son of Sir George Lewis, went into the witness-box. Mr. Lewis had been acting throughout the trial as Mr. Wright's solicitor, and had been sitting by his side in court the whole while. Very clearly Mr. Lewis told the story of the events of the last day.

When the jury retired, he said, Mr. Wright went down to the little room below the Judge's bench, where he had been in the habit of taking lunch during the trial. Mr. Wright took his last lunch, a frugal one, of cold beef. He was still sanguine of the result of the trial, and remarked that he was sure of an acquittal, or at least of a disagreement.

While solicitor and client were returning to the court, on word being brought that the jury had made up their minds, Mr. Wright said: "Promise me that you will come back with me after it is over." To this Mr. Lewis replied, "I certainly shall do so."

"Where were Mr. Wright's hands while he was



The Policeman produces Mr. Whitaker Wright's revolver.



The most tragic figure at the inquest was the son of the dead financier who, in reply to the question of the Coroner, "What is your name?" started the court by replying "Whitaker Wright."

threw away the lighted match. "Worters, stamp on it," said Mr. Lewis, and as he spoke these words he noticed for the first time that Mr. Wright was breathing heavily. Thinking that the reaction of the excitement through which he had been was setting in, and that he was out of sorts, Mr. Lewis went to him, and took him by the hand.

"I then found that he was very ill," continued the witness, "and going to the door I sent the tipstaff for a doctor."

Mr. Wright died almost immediately after the doctor arrived, concluded Mr. Lewis, fifteen minutes from the time that he began breathing heavily. He did not speak another word after he threw down the lighted match.

No sign or hint had given that he intended to take his life. When asked after the sentence whether he wished a telephone message to be sent

to the Law Courts authorities, unlike those of the Old Bailey, do not search prisoners. This duty, as Dixon, is discharged by the prison authorities when the prisoners are handed over.

The Coroner: Is he doing anything to himself ever considered.

The Tipstaff: I never consider it.

The next witness, Mr. Smith, assistant superintendent of the Law Courts, provided a very important piece of evidence. It was on a very important piece of evidence.

"Mr. Wright asked to go to the lavatory," said Mr. Smith. "I took him there, and he remained inside for a moment, while I was on the door. This was the important part of the official's evidence."

The witness then told of the search which took

BOY KING OF SPAIN THREATENED BY A BOMB.

The Box Contained 175 Grammes of Dynamite, Broken Glass and Lead.

King Alphonso of Spain has been the object of an anarchist plot. The attempt was made on Saturday, but nothing was said at the time, in order that no alarm might be caused, and so well was the secret kept that the details have only just come out.

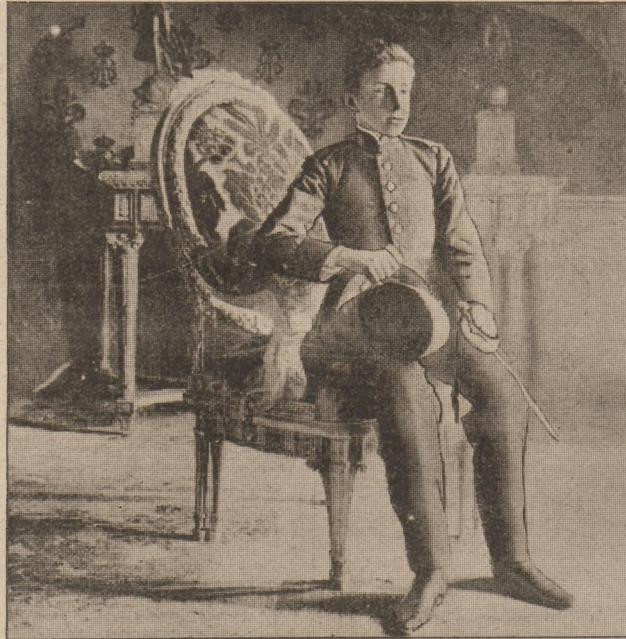
The Prefect of Police now informs the Press that on the King's name-day a tin box with a

advised that the inferior sandstone should be sprayed with baryta water, which, in his opinion, would not only completely reconstitute the stone, but render it hard and more solid than when in its original condition. The treatment has proved entirely successful, and a chemical has at last been discovered which will resist the action of the acids present in the London atmosphere.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

All the members of the British Royal Family will be present at the marriage of Princess Alice of Albany at Windsor, on February 10, with the

ALPHONSO, THE BOY-KING OF SPAIN.



On his name-day he was nearly blown up by a bomb.

[Photo by Underwood & Underwood.]

fuse attached was found on the Plaza del Oriente, which is between the royal palace and the royal theatre at Madrid.

Two policemen noticed two suspicious-looking men seated on a stone bench near one of the

exception of the Duke of Cambridge, who will be in the South of France, and Princess Henry of Battenberg, who is abroad.

The foreign royal guests bidden to the ceremony are the King and Queen of Württemberg, the Queen Mother of the Netherlands, the Prince and Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, with their daughter, Princess Helena; the Prince and Princess Friedrich of Wied (son-in-law and daughter of the King of Württemberg), and the Prince and Princess of Berthier-Weinthal.

The residents of Kingston-on-Thames have decided that their present to Princess Alice shall be a brougham, as they understand that that would be a most acceptable form for the gift to take. The present from the inhabitants of Esher is to be a picture, the final choice of the subject to be left to Princess Alice.



DR. KNOX.
Ex-Bishop of Coventry. He is now Bishop of Manchester. He has been presented with a cheque for £1,000 as a tribute of respect for his educational work from the citizens of Birmingham. [Whittick.]

entrances to the palace. Seeing they were observed, the strangers walked away, leaving a package under the bench.

This was found to be a hermetically soldered tin with a wick which was still smouldering.

The box (says Reuter) was taken to the chemical laboratory, where it was found to contain 175 grammes of dynamite and a quantity of broken glass and lead.

If an explosion had taken place there would have been many victims, for the palace was crowded.

CHURCH ON CHURCHES.

Scientific treatment has successfully arrested the decay of the stonework in the Chapter House at Westminster. Such is the gratifying information given by a White Paper issued by the Commissioner of Works. In 1901 Professor A. H. Church

gain. Another had added to his harem a new wife, for whom he had given an old muzzle-loading gun.

When slaves are bought with beads a few handfuls are given; possibly 5 or 6 francs' worth. A gun will buy five slaves in the Banda region, and a goat or pig can be bought for 200 gun caps, and can in turn be traded off for ivory.

"One caravan of Arabs," the writer continues, "had a number of native women whom they had bought at the rate of one tusk for two young girls of marriageable age. As one gun of the old muzzle-loading musket order sells for three or four tuskfuls of ivory, this works out some six or eight women for 15 francs—a cheap enough bargain surely! A poorly-blooded pup at home would cost more than an African maiden."



MR. H. H. ASQUITH.
He has become an automobilist, having acquired a 12-h.p. two-cylinder Darracq car. Will Photo by H. C. B. follow his example? [Russell.]

HAREMS CHEAPLY FURNISHED.

Where a Dozen Female Slaves Can Be Bought for a Few Shillings.

The horrors of the slave trade still carried on on the Congo are vividly described in an American paper.

The writer saw an Arab expedition returning from a slave raid. There were a thousand people, 800 of whom were slaves. They had travelled a thousand miles, and looked like skeletons. Deaths from small-pox and hunger had numbered over twenty a day.

The writer knew a Frenchman who had bought a woman for 32 sous, and was proud of his bar-



MR. CHARLES TYSON YERKES.
The wealthy American, who has just sailed for England to complete his scheme for electrifying the Underground Railway. [Underwood.]

THE BOY KING'S PALACE.



It was near the Palace that a tin box was found with a fuse attached. [Photo by Underwood & Underwood.]

CLEVER TROUPE OF LADY ZOUAVES.



These attractive young ladies are doing a popular turn at a London music hall.

THRILLING MOTOR CAR RIDE UP SNOWCLAD SNOWDON.

MR. DU CROS'S FEAT.

Mountain motoring is the coming pastime. All that is wanted is a good car, a decent track, fair weather, and a level head. One must be quite sure about the head, or the consequences may be disastrous for the owner. Mr. Harvey du Cros, jun., and a friend of his, Mr. Charles Sangster, have just experimented as to the possibilities of mountain motoring. They

sleepers and ballast, the distance between the rails and the car wheels being only a few inches on either side.

Mr. Du Cros explained that the average gradient of the rail track is the steepest of any in the world. In some places it is 1 in 10, but more generally 1 in 6, while in others it is rather more than 1 in 5. The stations, as visitors to Snowdon may remember, are Waterfall, Hebron, Halfway, and Clogwen.

The last but one was reached on the first day, and Clogwen was passed on the second. Then the

Cros, "ever done in mountain motoring — far bigger than thefeat accomplished in Switzerland some time ago."

"Our reason for doing it was this. We wanted to demonstrate that a British-built car could climb the steepest British mountain gradient. The car we went in was built in Birmingham, and it did what was expected of it."

HE SHOULD WEAR IT IN HIS HAT.

"If you annoy me I'll throw you out of the car" was the vigorous threat of Mr. Henry John Bishop, of South Norwood, to an inspector who asked for his tram ticket. This led to an appearance before the Croydon Bench and a fine of five shillings. If Mr. Bishop has a fancy for collecting passenger vouchers, he will do well to confine his journeys to the omnibuses. At the time the Act of Parliament under which they collect their fares was passed tickets were unthought of, and no power to issue them was taken. But the tramways have Parliamentary authority for compelling their patrons to take and produce tickets whenever the whim of their servants suggests. If it is permissible to offer a suggestion to a doubtless 'sofely' aggrieved man, it may be mentioned that to wear the ticket like a sporting trophy above the hat brim is largely practised among certain classes as calculated to conduct to a quiet life on a tramcar.

FROM QUEEN TO NATION.

Osborne House, which was King Edward's Coronation gift to the nation, as a memorial of the late Queen Victoria, is to be made a convalescent home for officers of the Army and Navy. The alterations are now nearly completed. Osborne House stands in an estate of 2,000 acres, well-wooded and adorned with temples and galleries. The house has two fronts—one to the north-east and one to the south-west; one for summer and one for spring. Golf links have been laid out in the park, and a small building originally erected for a summer tea-room will be used as a clubhouse. Except the private rooms of the late Queen, which will remain as she left them, all the house and grounds

SOUTH-EASTERN PREFERRED.

That the chairman of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railways should claim punctuality as the distinguishing characteristic of his passenger service reads more like the playful humour of an after-dinner speech than a serious announcement at a shareholders' meeting. Mr. C. C. Bonsor, however, yesterday told the shareholders that season-ticket holders are no longer in doubt as to when they will arrive at their destination, and that advertisements for country houses in the daily papers frequently state "South-Eastern and Chatham line preferred." The seaside traffic, as with

THE OXFORD CREW.



"Easy All." The Dark Blue crew slow down after a smart spin. [Boudewin Bros.]

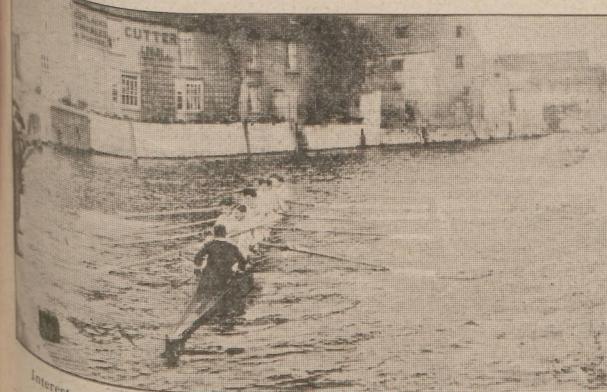
big snowdrift on the mountain's final ridge barred further progress.

"Any excitement on the way?" queried the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.

Mr. Du Cros smiled. "Only the excitement of the thing itself, and occasional glimpses of eternity at the bottom of sheer precipices 2,000ft. below, with nothing between us and space except a few inches margin of rail sleepers and partly washed away ballast."

The railway has not been used for traffic since

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.



Interested critics on the bank watching the return of the Cambridge crew after a racing spurt.

October, and one can easily understand that the track was not in the best of condition.

"Sometimes we got into holes, out of which the car had to be lifted; but with this exception and the getting over the high projecting rail points, the whole journey was accomplished in the car."

"A big gale was blowing practically all the time; it was, in fact, so fierce that the ordinary railway cars could not be used by some who accompanied us."

"It was the biggest thing," concluded Mr. Du

AFTER A ROLL IN.



The ladies of Surrey play the ladies of Kent at Surbiton.

[Photo by Boudewin Bros.]

A daring attempt, extending over two days, has been made by Mr. Harvey Du Cros, Jun., and Mr. Sangster to scale Snowdon on a motor. They failed, but think they could do it under better weather conditions.

will be given over to the needs of the convalescent home. On certain days the Durbar Hall and some other ceremonial rooms will be open to the public, together with the park. The patients will be admirably housed. A telephone is to be at each bedside, and an electric emergency bell for night use.

OVER-NICE SENSE OF HONOUR.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

GENEVA, Wednesday.

A suicide prompted by a singular idea of honour took place the other day at Zurich.

A young Swiss commenced business in the Berne Oberland many years ago, but failed, and had to go through the bankruptcy court. He emigrated to America and made a large fortune in petroleum. Recently he returned to Zurich, paid off his creditors in full, and shot himself.

From his paper it appeared that the disgrace of bankruptcy had followed him through life and he persisted in believing that, even after his obligations were discharged, a stain rested on his name. Most of his great wealth has been left to charities.

other companies, suffered from the weather, but this *entente cordiale* brought a large increase to the Committee of Trade. The change dismelled the rumour that fares were to be reduced; it rested apparently solely on an intention to bring the cost of the Cannon-street and Charing Cross journey in line with competing routes.

THE TERROR OF THE SEA.

Mr. H. W. Lucy, in the February "Cornhill," discusses some of the "distinguished people" who have died.

Many of his anecdotes relate merely how they left cards upon him, or told him that his writing was, not genious, something very like it.

But there are some good stories in the article, as, for example, the confidence Mr. Lucy once received from the late Sir J. R. Robinson, of the "Daily News," that "his passion for travel was fanned by incalculable apprehensions of shipwreck." "I could never," he said, "sleep in my berth for thinking that between me and the bottom of the sea there was nothing but a plank of wood."

There was only one thing Robinson feared more than the sea, and that was an action for libel against his newspaper!

ART IN THE CAMERA—A CHARMING PICTURE.

AFTER THE BALL.



Photo by

"Mother's Little Girl."

(Lizzie Charles.



Sophy (thinking of ghosts and goblins): Tom, what's the most horrible thing you can think of?
 Tom (who has feasted not wisely, but too well): A boat on the sea!

UNHIDDEN TREASURE.

Sharp Eyes Only Needed.

"DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" DISCS

THAT ANYONE CAN FIND.

CAN YOU READ THIS?

If you can, there is no reason why you shouldn't enrich yourself to-day. All you have to do is to use your eyes in—

CORNHILL.

PICCADILLY.

THROGMORTON STREET.

CAMDEN ROAD.

REGENT STREET.

WANDSWORTH ROAD.

These are the streets in which the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" discs—varying in value from 10s. to £5—are placed to-day. Wherever the discs may have been deposited in the various streets they are perfectly visible. All that is required to find them is a pair of sharp eyes. If your eyes fail you to-day, do not despair. You will have another opportunity to-morrow, when the names of other streets will be given. And if again you fail, again you will have further chances of ultimate success.

This is a facsimile of the disc (bearing a secret mark) which you have to look for:—



The finder of a disc, upon presenting it at the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite Street, E.C. will receive in cash the value marked upon the disc.

THE TRIUMPH OF TAFFETAS.

SPRING'S FIRST WHISPERS IN FASHION-LAND.

An episode of modest triumph is depicted on the page—namely, a suit for the Sunny South that goes—namely, a suit for the Sunny South that goes, the supremacy of taffetas as a very early fabric. Nor do all the items of the outfit emphasise the vogue of 1830 models. The wide-brimmed hat, with its quaint "front" beneath the brim, is great Paradise plume nodding on one side, and its loosely-tied strings, is a reminiscence of an old-world inspiration.

An Inspiration from the Past.

The flounced taffetas frock, each blouse scalloped and bound at the edge with velvet, is without a doubt copied from an antique picture. And here is a revelation it is of the grace that can be in voluminous wraps—wraps that are splendidly huge, yet all the while remaining elegant. The flounces that decorate the shoulders are in effect nobody will deny. So, too, are the sleeves, and the way in which the shoulder seems actually to be falling from the shoulders is still more enchantment and beauty. The blouse should be a study in greys or browns, a little more highly coloured, in bronze or a pale. Such silks as taffetas, with their surface, are splendid when "shot," and far more effective so than if of a plain colour.

A Crown and Coiffure.

The fancy for adorning the coiffure grows every day. Almost with the rapidity of the proverbial atom has there sprung up an appreciable chapter, which is, in accordance with a depth of extravagance of taste and other like indulgence, expressed in jewels, flowers, ribbons, and what actually meets the eye in this present moment, as much as the trend hints at ever greater being ultimately attained in the shape of hats and caps. But for the moment the chapter of caprice, the sides lengthened or shortened, the whole raised or lowered according to individual taste and style. The jewelled chapter has already accounted itself a quite marked success.

As to the gradual subjection of the ondulate hair, there is no longer any question, the only permission, as much as the trend hints at ever greater being ultimately attained in the shape of hats and caps. But for the moment the chapter of caprice, the sides lengthened or shortened, the whole raised or lowered according to individual taste and style. The jewelled chapter has already accounted itself a quite marked success.

An Appreciation of Puce Colours.

A sumptuous item to be immediately chronicled is the re-appearance of puce as an early a realistic colour, although the point is at present a question, whether this will be employed "en masse" or merely as single garments. But the colour has gone with from high quarters that this will be, wherefore may we safely consider its future in connection with hats, draped curtains, cravats and the like lesser details of the season. Puce and violet roses are quite one of the chief jolts of the immediate moment, and in deadly rivalry their prototypes in green, which have been so charmingly used over the other lately on toques and

Masters Most.

There is everything in these days, and decorations, more or less of an incident, or such is the result produced by these ingenious milliners. But the ingenuity, individuality, and variety of the shapes verily pass description. There seems positively no end to the drift of the more definitely turned "heavenswards" model is of natural straw, with a broad brim bordered deeply on the outside with black or some vividly coloured straw, and at the right side on cleverly disposed wings tipped with the colour of the straw

qualities, several new models hinting at the requisition of such unusual floral trophies as frangipani, and cyclamens. Otherwise it will be roses, roses all the way, in every conceivable natural and unnatural tint.

Everyone seems to say the trottoir skirt is on the wane for other than quite athletic occasions. The walking skirt of the immediate future barely clears the ground, while the visiting gown will conclude with a short train, the adjective, by the way, to be especially noted. Now this is not, when one comes to consider the matter, quite the most satisfactory and practical state of affairs, and of the two the trained jupe appeals as the more reasonable and right. That at least must be held

DINER-OUT'S MISTAKE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Thursday.

A member of the German Reichstag is the hero of an amusing story.

The Chancellor, Count von Buelow, invited several members to dinner, among them Herr Schwartz, as he will be called for convenience. Herr Schwartz did not appear, and the dinner went off without him.

Asked by the others why he had not turned up, he said, with surprise, "I was there; their Excellencies were all kindness and affability."

"Impossible, we waited for you and you did not come."

"You waited! Why, I was invited alone," was the reply.

The mystery was solved. Herr Schwartz, in



A sumptuous Coat for the coming spring, inspired by the models of 1830, carried out in shot bronze taffetas and worn with a big Hat plumed and finished with loosely flowing strings.

up out of the dirt, whereas the skirt that just touches is replete with temptations, to which we shall inevitably succumb. Of a truth is La Mode consistent only in her inconsistencies.

DULL YEAR FOR DEBUTANTES.

The closing of the Royal Opera-House in Berlin means a dull season. The so-called New Opera-House (Kroll) is now being used by the Royal Opera Company during the alterations in the Opera-House, and is, therefore, unavailable for public functions, which means the abandonment of numberless balls. There is an outcry amongst this year's debutantes, who will be done out of a considerable amount of gaiety.

festive array, and decorated with all his orders, had mistaken the date, and appeared at the Chancellor's palace the day after the official dinner. He was received with courteous warmth by Count von Buelow and his wife, and spent a delightful evening in the family circle of the Chancellor. Naturally he plumed himself on his distinction, and was rather annoyed to find his importance diminished by the explanation of the real facts.

MILE IN 39 SECONDS.

Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, in a 90-horse-power Mercedes automobile car, has covered a mile in 39 sec., official time, along the hard sandy beach at Ormond, Florida.—Reuter.

BREAKFAST-TABLE BRIDGE PROBLEMS.

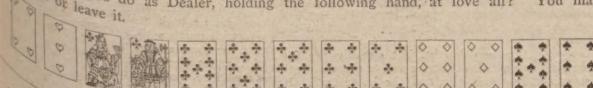
By ERNEST BERGHOLT.

A NEW COMPETITION COMMENCED YESTERDAY, CLOSING ON TUESDAY NEXT.

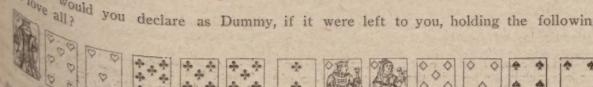
\$20 IN CASH will be awarded, and Ten Handsome Silver-mounted Bridge Boxes, in Morocco, each of the value of One Guinea. Cut out the Coupons appearing yesterday and to-day. Keep them by you till Monday next, when full final instructions will be given.

WEEKLY COMPETITION 7. COUPON B.

What would you do as Dealer, holding the following hand, at love all? You may declare or leave it.



What would you declare as Dummy, if it were left to you, holding the following hand, at love all?



Address

NOT A DUAL SOLUTION.

We are asked by "E. H. L. F." to say whether Coupon 1 of Weekly Competition 5 has not an "alternative solution." The reply is in the negative. Different modes of defence which the opponents may adopt are "variations," constituting merits, not defects. The reason why it is better for East to discard ♦ 6 at Trick 2 is that the discard of a Spade would give away the fifth trick immediately. Better make some show of fight, even though the issue be a foregone conclusion.

PALMAM QUI MERUIT.

"H. W." seems disappointed at not having won a prize, claiming that all his declarations except one were correct. We can often award a prize to a solver who has not got all his replies right, but we can never guarantee to do so, as those who are wholly correct must necessarily take precedence.

THE CARD TO LEAD.

"R. P. (Liscard) asks us to say which card should be led, in a No-Trump declaration, from A, J, 10, and four small cards. The usual rule holds: to

lead the J—whether the hand contains a re-entry or not.

OUR SEVEN-CARD DOUBLE-DUMMY PROBLEM. The solution of this will be given on Tuesday next. The numerous replies received testify to the interest it is arousing. A straightforward letter has been addressed to us by Mr. W. G. Robson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, explaining how, by an unfortunate chain of circumstances for which he was not to blame, he was partly instrumental in an unauthorised reprint of the position in an American journal. We take the opportunity to state that all *Daily Illustrated Mirror* Bridge Problems are original and copyright, and that the right of reproduction is strictly reserved.

Referring to a recent remark in this column, "Den" hopes that perhaps we may be able to give some further information about "Mr. Ernest Bergholt's Prize Bridge Competitions." These have been run in various English and American papers for the last two or three years; but they are now exclusively appearing in the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* itself.

Cailler's
GENUINE SWISS

MILK CHOCOLATE

(Supplied to H.M. the Queen.)

Don't go to the Pantomime, the Play or the Concert without a few cakes. Cailler's has the largest sale in the world, being the best, the most delicious.

At all Confectioners in Id., 2d., 3d., and 6d. cakes, etc.

If you want the best, ask for Cailler's!

EVERY.
GOOD..
WOMAN

Deserves a

BISSELL

CARPET

SWEEPER.

Stores, Ironmongers and House Furnishers sell Bissell Carpet Sweepers at 99, 106, 125, 149 and 173.

Stores, Ironmongers and House Furnishers sell Bissell Carpet Sweepers at 99, 106, 125, 149 and 173.

It runs easily, sweeps deeply, preserves carpets, and saves time and better work than a weaver.

Stores, Ironmongers and House Furnishers sell Bissell Carpet Sweepers at 99, 106, 125, 149 and 173.

Southalls'
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The ORIGINAL and BEST

Sanitary, Absorbent, Antiseptic.

Sample Packet (three size 0, and one each size, 1, 2, and 4 Towels) post free for eight stamps from the LADY MANAGER, 17, Bull Street, Birmingham.

Mention this Paper.

SIMPLEX
"BRIDGE"
RECORD.

Invaluable for Bridge Tournaments.

Specially compiled by the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" "Bridge" Editor, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C. Post free, 1s. Id. Postal Orders crossed Barclay and Co.

SIMPLEX
"BRIDGE"
RECORD.

POST FREE, 1s. Id.

Continued from page 14.
 "I've done me time, an' there's nothin' more?" Sal was regaining this question with a sneer.
 "What's that?"
 "I'm yer furr?"
 "You put me away, and I'm 'ere ter git made a movement as if to escape in which her husband had gone. Nat sat up, and shut yer face, or I'll do yer sommin' chap can git wivin a mile o' an' I moved threateningly towards her. I ain't put yer away," said Sal, sultry.
 "I ain't, yer did!" retorted Nat, glaring at her.
 "What are yer goin' ter do about it?"
 "What he done?"
 "Huddled me o' you, me wife, me pure an' wife, an' left me broken-battered an' mangled, Nat, in affected emotion, shaking into a chuckle at his own humour.
 "I married my square,"
 "He did, did he?" Then that's bigamy for me, beauty, anyway."
 "What about it? I wants the oof!"
 "I ain't got ter git it. There ain't none, wuss than 'll 'ave ter git it."
 "Ter you?"
 "Ter shut me mouth about 'im an' you. If you look, he must pay me ter keep out o' his mouth bitterly, saying:—
 "E ate me."
 "Why's he sticking ter yer, then?"
 "Well, yer see, he's a gentleman—not one of our folk! That's good, that is!" sneered Lucy, it's funny, ain't it?"
 "I'm worry, it's true enough. An' he ain't been! Nobody never did wiv you, Sal—not a minute five minutes at a time. You're a pretty girl, who had been left in the hut, here in the blazes is that?" asked Nat, in her daughter," Sal calmly answered.

Chance, the Juggler.
 CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.
 (Illustrations of "By Right of Marriage.")

CHAPTER LIV.

the storm was spent, and Philip had his back on him in sullen discourtesy; in a very gentle and grave voice: "Captain Chesney, that you will be sorry, Captain Chesney, that I am to understand in this light, Am I to understand, if your father asks you, you will refuse him on this matter, which, although I can understand anything you like!" "I am more than life and death?" "Yes, you are a young man. "And you can understand this that, when I see a direct command of Providence to save me from you want to destroy my whole life, I am to understand it and cut my own throat?" Philip turned with a snarl; something had not expected that in the least. "How now? Philip had already moved towards the

I will come, too. We will see which of us will be the winner." His words rang out like a battle-cry.

He looked up into Sir John's room together. The boy, with kindling eyes at the sight of his father, who had so astonished Patrick Lyle, said: "I am sorry; but I cannot say anything else with my conscience than what I have told you before myself."

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I will come, too. We will see which of us will be the winner." His words rang out like a battle-cry.

"My what?" queried Nat, in wild astonishment. "You daughter?" she repeated.
 "Oh! come off the earth—what's yer givin' us?" asked Nat, incredulously.
 "It's right, Nat. You was in fur two years, and I planted the kid on ter 'im."
 "Well, I'm jiggered!—let's ave a look at 'er." Sal hesitated, and Nat roared out: "Call 'er. D'y'e 'ear?"
 Sal still dogged—staring at Nat, called out: "Come 'ere, Smudgee."
 "Who's 'er?" asked Smudgee, as she stood at the door, with her arms akimbo.
 "Shall I tell 'er?" asked Sal.
 "No. I'm a poor travelling, miss, an' I'm bushed, an' the bush is blazin', as you can see in the man's voice, and took an instinctive dislike to him. Her sense of humour was strong, and her sarcasm at times particularly keen and biting. Quietly folding her arms, she regarded Nat steadily, and then said, in mock pity: "Poor feller! An' all our sham-pager-ne is run out—an' all the 'ock 'n' lager' gone that sour ye'd never drink it. And the baker's gone and burnt the steak-and-kidney pie, and the custard—there you never touch it, the cook's so over-done it. An' the jelly's—"
 "Ere, 'ere; put the brake on. What's yer givin' us?" asked Nat, astonished at her volubility, and annoyed with her humour.
 "Nothing, my poor man. I was tellin' yer what we couldn't give yer," replied the unabashed Smudgee.
 "Git 'in some damper," ordered Sal.
 Smudgee lifted her hands in affected horror.
 "Damper. A real gentleman like 'im eat damper. Pore feller. Oh, 'ow 'ard is life. Pore man!" And, pretending to wipe the tears from her eyes, she went into the hut.

"She's a 'ot'un, she is! That kid 'as got somethin' in 'er. She gits that from me." And Nat expanded his chest with parental pride.
 "You believe it, then?" asked Sal.
 "Bless me, I do," answered Nat, with conviction. "She's the very spit o' my sister Harri-minter at 'er age, wiv a bit o' my particular style and superior manner chucked in. What 'e's call er?"
 "Smudgee."
 "Ah! A pretty name!" sneered Nat. "Quite airy-steretic and fairy-like. Was she baptised as such?"

"No. Looccy."
 "Ah! that's a bit common. I'd a fancied Harrabeller or Clementine herself. I think she'd look Harrabeller. Jest send her off while we chit a bit. Hurry up; your lovin' husband may come back." He looked round anxiously.

Smudgee returned with some damper, and an assumption of a very superior manner.

"Ere ye are. Excuse me fingers. The butler is cleaning the best silver server in the pantry."
 [A long instalment of this dramatic story will appear in to-morrow's "Daily Illustrated Mirror".]

that he did not appear to notice the equivocal reply.

"Yes, I believe it was something else," he said, meditatively. "I am quite sure you were angry. Can't you remember? Oh, Philip, could it have been about Martia?"

"We did speak of Martia," said Philip, again lying deliberately.

"Oh, Phil, and you don't call that important?"

"It has ceased to have any importance for me," was the cold reply.

"Oh, but that is cruel!" cried Sir John, emphatically. "My boy, I am sure you will think better of it. Yes, it must have been about Martia, and yet I thought—"

Then Patrick Lyle came forward, and looked into his friend's eyes.

"Was it not about yourself that you were speaking?" he asked.

"About myself?" echoed the old man. "Why, Lyle, how should you know?"

"Was it not?" continued the priest, with deep solemnity, "about a great sin that you committed in your youth?"

Philip thought the sound of his heart thumping within him must be heard hammering through the room. He was standing behind his father, but in full view of the priest, who had drawn near to his old friend and gazed at him with a pained look on his grave and handsome face.

It seemed to the young man, listening with strained ears, that the priest's last words had flown out to the atmosphere like live sparks, although so quietly and gently spoken: "Was it not about a great sin that you committed in your youth?"

But to the man to whom they were addressed they appeared to have only a general meaning; and he shook his head rather wistfully, as he answered: "Ah, Lyle, yes, I have been a sinner, and many a time I have left the straight road and taken a crooked path, and in my youth I have forgotten my Creator—but—and his face grew puffed again—"I have no recollection of talking about such things with Philip. No—no—"

Patrick Lyle looked at the young man and met a glance of deadly hatred; but he drew a step nearer, and his voice grew more solemn, although, from his face, it was clear that, as a man, the task he had undertaken was intensely repugnant him.

"Was it not that you wanted to make confession of this sin?" he asked. "Was it not that your soul would know no peace until you had atoned, and received the Church's absolution?"

Sir John raised his head and looked at his friend in blank bewilderment.

"Confession?" he murmured. "Atonement? Why, Lyle, how strangely you talk."

A look so poignant as to be almost agony crossed the priest's face, but he persisted, under the furious eyes of the watcher behind, who would gladly have struck him dead.

"Was it not that you know yourself to be an impostor? Was it not that you know you have no right to the name you bear, no right to the honours you have just inherited through the death of a man who was not in reality your kinsman? Was it not that you have realised that your soul will never know peace until you have striven to undo the wrong you have done, and declared to the world that you are not John Chesney, and can never be Earl of Clowes?"

The old man turned right round in his chair, and sought his son's eyes. His face was blanched than ever.

"Philip," he said, "what does he mean? Do you know? I not John Chesney! I am an impostor! Clowes not my kinsman! What can have come to him? He must be mad!"

To be continued.

"Ain't yer afraid o' me?" growled Nat, with affected ferocity.

"Not much, I ain't!"

"Ah, like you all the better for it. Come an' kiss me, my little darlin'!"

"Garn wash yer face," was the reply of the unmoved Smudgee.

"Water's too scarce, me pet. Yours ain't none too clean, if it comes to that."

"No, but, yer see, you're wistin', an' I'm at 'ome," rejoiced Smudgee, loftily.

"Very much so, me darlin'!"

"Not so much o' yer darlin's, if yer please! Yer see, I'm a bit pertickler about my acquaintances."

Sal interrupted her, saying:—

"Fill a tin o' tea an' take it to your father. Know where 'e is?"

"Yus. I seen 'im go wiv the others to Thomson's selection, to fight the fire." Smudgee still stared stonily at Nat.

"Urry up, then!" said Nat, gruffly.

"Urry up!" echoed Smudgee. "Who's a-talkin' in? The Emperor of Roosher? Look 'ere; you be civil to my muver, or I'll fetch my farver, and 'e'll knock the sawdust out o' yer. We're a very select family, we is. You 'ear me!" And Smudgee, with a switch of her one short garment, strode off majestically to the hut.

"Er feller 'll kill me, will 'e! Does the kid take me for a blooming soocicide?" Nat chuckled.

"Now, what are yer 'ere fur? Let's 'ave it straight an' quick," asked Sal, now quite herself again.

"I'm 'ere on the make. There's several ways o' doin' it, but yer bloke's in the lot. Either 'e pays me ter tyke yer off his 'ands, or 'e pays me ter let 'im keep yer. See?"

"I'll pay for neither. 'E's got nothin' ter pay yer with."

"Then I gits 'im another way. 'E's wanted."

"Wanted?" repeated Sal, in amazement.

"Yus. 'E' was sentenced to three years for being concerned in bailing up the Wurrumurra Bank. 'E' only served a few months, and then escaped, did a clean bunk. There's a reward of a hundred quid out fur 'im."

"When was this?" asked Sal.

"In '92."

"You're dotty?"

"Wot?"

"Why, 'e's never left me."

"I tell yer, I was in Berrima wiv 'im."

"Not you, I tell yer; 'e's never left me since we was married," replied Sal, with a coldness that carried conviction with it.

Nat stared with surprise at Sal, and then spluttered out:

"But I seed 'im, I tell yer. Wot the hangment does it mean? Is 'e twins?"

After a moment's silence Sal clapped her hands together in sudden enlightenment.

[A long instalment of this dramatic story will appear in to-morrow's "Daily Illustrated Mirror".]

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